

headfirst by Val-Creative

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Summary: Before the final battle, Richie Tozier and Eddie Kaspbrak spend some time alone together. (IT 2019. Reddie.)

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Richie has no idea what Beverly has been up to these days, but she's mixing alcohol like a pro.

This inn on the outskirts of Derry rarely has vacancies. As far as Richie's memory stretches back. His old pals booked up all available rooms yesterday. Richie hasn't seen the owner of Derry Town House or any staff member after checking in, but he's fine with that. Beverly can hand him gin cocktails in peace.

He swallows a mouthful, plucking out an ice cube from between his lips and flicking it aside.

Bill and Mike cozy themselves on a loveseat, arguing good-naturedly with each other and with Ben nearby. Bill's arm drapes itself over Mike's shoulder.

Eddie sits on Ben's opposite side to the rich red, patterned divan, closer to Richie's own armchair, downing another extra-large martini and appearing like he's listening in on the conversation. It's weird. Weird how Eddie looks so much older but exactly the same.

Same dark brown eyes and long, angular features. Curious expression. *Soft*. Kinda naive.

Eddie sneers and bellows at Richie when he rags on Eddie—just like before. Threatens to beat his ass, It's cute. What's *not*-cute is how Eddie keeps patting himself over for his inhaler, needing to cling onto it habitually like a fucking security blanket.

Mrs. Kaspbrak—*may the bitch rest in Hell*—did a real number on her son. Convinced him he's not worth a damn. That Eddie needs fake medicine and constant hospital visits and then she dies on the job. No wonder Eddie is a hair-pin trigger away from a psychological Chernobyl-sized meltdown. Richie doesn't think *'irreversible damage*

brought on by years of childhood abuse' properly covers all of it.

He rolls his eyes a little, placing down the gin and claspig onto Eddie's hand. Tugging him onto his feet. Eddie makes a faint protesting noise, taking hurried sips of his sweet-flavored alcohol and lowering it in time before he's stumbling after Richie.

"Hey, hey! Where are you two going?!" Bill hollers, pink-cheeked and grinning from ear-to-ear.

"Don't you dare leave!" Beverly declares, jumping down from a stool while flipping a brandy bottle. She props up her elbows behind the inn's bar-counter, tilting her head sluggishly and mocking the creepy little kid's voice. "*The fun's really starting—*"

"—that's not the line," Richie monotones, unamused. Fucking hack-writer.

He's not entirely sure why the rest of the Losers Club decides to stare, right while he's heading to the staircase's landing, and it only makes Richie's pulse quicken and him hyper-aware of Eddie's sweaty, hot fingers clutching onto his.

"You're not seriously gonna crash, are you? It's only eleven thirty," Ben says, also grinning and obviously drunk.

"Well, I was attempting to get some nookie, *Romário*—" The inn's lounge erupts into gasps and laughter and open mouths. "—so thanks a lot, *amigo*—you've been a great help—" Richie calls out dramatically, not even thinking about what he's announcing. Not until he and Eddie are alone upstairs, and his best friend lets him go. Fuck. Oh *fuck*, that's not what he was planning at all.

Eddie's lips thin together.

"Richie..."

"Don't sweat it, alright? I was... I was messing with them," Richie mutters, glancing away. His fingers clench lonely. "I'm not trying to fuck you. That would be... ridiculous..." And of all things, he's not anticipating Eddie to squint and become deeply irritated.

"I'm not good-looking enough or something?"

The key in Richie's hand halts mid-turn. He's trying to unlock his bedroom door, to flee, and it feels like a debilitating shockwave passes through Richie. He gazes back at Eddie, vulnerable and frowning, his brows lifting over the rims of his glasses.

"Ss'not what I meant..."

"The fuck did you mean then?" Eddie responds heatedly. He's slurring. "Do I got 'Super Unfuckable' tattooed on my forehead?"

"Hold on," a confused Richie interrupts. "Wait a second—are you saying you *wanna* get fucked?"

"Don't patronize me, asshole. I'm a grown fucking man. I know exactly what I want." Eddie huffs, shoving open Richie's door with his palm. "Where do you wanna do this? Your room? Let's go." He barges inside, and Richie oogles at nothing in the corridor, making a bewildered, helpless squawk. He recovers after a moment, closing his door behind him, lurching after Eddie and becoming flustered.

"Eds—"

"You're so full of shit, you know that? Humiliating me in front of everyone—"

"Eds—" Richie says frantically, turning the other man around by grasping his shoulders. Eddie doesn't relent, scowling.

"—jesus, I cannot believe—"

The last bit of Eddie's rant vanishes against Richie's lips.

It's more of touch-contact than a kiss, and Richie *swears* he's shaking, pulling away and witnessing Eddie go quiet, his chapped mouth rounding. He's either having a dream-eyed epiphany or a stroke. He doesn't wanna overwhelm him, but Eddie's wound *sofuckingtight* and Richie doesn't know how to help him.

"You good?" Richie asks lowly, semi-terrified.

"... *fuck*."

"I got that, yeah. Maybe we should take it slow with dinner and a movie first."

The crack from Richie makes both of them laugh, soft and nervous. Richie always liked humor—the *guaranteed* way to brighten someone's day. To make Eddie's apprehension ease and fade out of existence when they were kids. Eddie smiles up at him, close-mouthed and intrigued, and Richie doesn't know who leans in first, but he's basking in the warmth and wetness of Eddie's tongue rolling to his.

He kisses like a drunken, awkward slob. A *horny* one. Richie muffles down a rising snicker, cupping Eddie's cheek benevolently. *Of course*. He opens his lips further, groaning out when Richie feels the bulge of Eddie's cock through his jeans.

Fucking surreal.

This is *every* wet dream Richie had as a teenager about Eddie... coming true. And he can never tell him that. Ever.

(Eddie will never ever, *ever* let him live it down that Richie loved Eddie first.)

They bump against a nightstand, rattling the lamp, and elbowing the wall. Legs tangle his. Richie ends up bouncing down onto his ass, Eddie's weight further squeaking the motel inn's bed under Richie. He's saddled above Richie, kiss-dazed and memorized, their lips separating. One of Eddie's hand somehow pushes up Richie's tee, resting lightly on his abdomen.

Richie nods, breathing hard, getting up to yank off the material and his over-shirt. His large, ugly eyeglasses skewing. He corrects them. Richie's not build like a Brazilian soccer player—not like Ben, but he's average. Decent muscle.

"Never seen a topless comedian before?"

Eddie's face burns red. "Shut up, dude," he grumbles.

"Don't be shy, Eduardo," Richie teases, wiggle-lifting Eddie's sweater. "You hiding a nipple piercing under there—?"

He swats at Richie's hand, exasperated. Neither of them shift or speak, and Eddie seems to be gathering his courage, finally rucking off his clothing. Milky white skin compared to Richie. Eddie's narrower and more bones than muscles. He crosses his arms over himself immediately, avoiding Richie's purposeful stare, turning red again. "What?" Eddie hisses.

"You're..." Richie doesn't blink once. "You're a goddamn twunk. Wow."

"What the *HELL* is a twunk?"

"Twink plus hunk," Richie explains. "Twunk." Eddie stares back, baffled. "Man, I was really hoping for that piercing..."

Richie's thumb brushes over him lazily, skimming over the jut of Eddie's hipbone. The other man quivers in place, inhaling sharply. Oh.

Ohhhhh.

Eddie's sensitive? *How* sensitive?

A new personal challenge for Richie's devious instincts. He slips off his eyeglasses and urges Eddie back down, kissing him hard. With enough nudging and murmurous coaxing, Richie gets his companion on his back, pressing his lips to Eddie's throat, feeling him squirm.

Has anyone ever touched Eddie like this? In reverence and joyous exploration?

One of Richie's hands plays gently over Eddie's chest, mapping over him, and his other hand situates itself to Eddie's knee digging against Richie's waist.

Richie already knows he's hard as hell, and feels a twinge of delight as Eddie's hips grind up into his. He's so fucking hard. Eddie is. Richie has never touched another man's cock before in his life. But you gotta start somewhere.

He removes his hand from Eddie's knee, undoing his jeans. God, he's burning-hot flesh against Richie's fingers. A couple of rough pumps on Eddie's dick, awkward and fast, and Eddie whines, arching, gasping out his orgasm and shuddering. Not for nothing, but... ... Richie's ego inflates at the knowledge that he got Eddie's virgin ass to cum with the *bare minimum* of sex.

There's no reaching for an inhaler (left behind on Eddie's motel bathroom sink) and no disgust. No rejection. Eddie's breathing deepens naturally, and Richie eyes him, grinning. "How's it feel?" he whispers, toweling off his hand with a sheet-end. "You ready for more?"

"Mmn?"

A sleepy, complaining noise.

Richie laughs out, dropping his forehead to Eddie's sternum. This is the man he loves.

What a turd.

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IT (2019) isn't mine. Requested by Slashaddict96: "reddie motel sex." I know everyone and their grandmother is writing for it but I don't care! I tried to do as IC as I could and not sure if I succeeded but I really hope everyone likes it! HOW ARE WE FEELING AFTER REDDIE'S BEEN CONFIRMED CANON YALL?

((Want a request for IT? I'm doing 100-1000 word fics of any friendship or romantic ship + any prompt until I feel like quitting. Rules: you need to comment here and provide a friendship or romantic ship and prompt. You need to also specify if you want SFW or NSFW (for 18+ readers only). The only requests I'll be looking at is if you ALSO commented about the fic you just read as well. It's only fair. You came to this fic to read it and me doing something for you later on is a sweet bonus!))

((Do not ask for Reader/Character, OCs, Bowers Gang-centric or ship,

Pennywise-centric or ship or underage. All characters for NSFW will be depicted as 18+ only.))